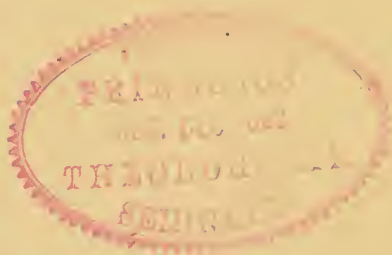


SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE  
PASTORATE  
OF  
REV. JOHN CHAMBERS. D.D.



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Commemorative services on  
the semi-centennial









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COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES

ON THE  
ANNIVERSARY.

# SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF PASTORATE OF

REV. JOHN CHAMBERS, D. D.,

*Over One Congregation,*

NINTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FIRST INDEPENDENT CHURCH,  
CHAMBERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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*May 9th to 14th, 1875.*

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PHILADELPHIA:

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1875.







## PREFATORY NOTE.

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*It was deemed advisable that the proceedings attendant upon the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Pastorate of the Rev. John Chambers, D. D., over one congregation should be preserved in a permanent form. Accordingly, the Session of the Church resolved to prepare this volume, which they now present to the members of the Church and Congregation, and to the friends of our beloved Pastor, as a keepsake, which shall ever bring to mind the precious memories which were recalled by the services of the Jubilee Week.*

FRANCIS NEWLAND,

ROBT. H. HINCKLEY, JR.,

*Committee of Session.*

*Philadelphia, May, 1875.*





SABBATH-DAY, MAY 9, 1875,

10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

Long before the hour set for commencing the services a large crowd gathered at the Church-door, and it became apparent that the building would be filled to its utmost capacity. In anticipation of this, the Trustees had reserved the seats for pew-holders until ten o'clock, after which time the entire house filled up with remarkable rapidity. Seats were placed in all the aisles, and the people occupied the space to the very doors of the edifice. Before the exercises commenced, Lodge 51, A. Y. M., accompanied by the officers of the Grand Lodge, who desired to honor their Senior Grand Chaplain and fellow-member, came into the Church, about one hundred in number, and occupied seats provided for them in the middle aisle.

Precisely at the hour appointed the choir, under the direction of Prof. William G. Fischer, with organ

accompaniment by Prof. Hugh A. Clark, rendered, in a perfect manner, Jackson's "*Te Deum Laudamus.*"

The Pastor occupied the pulpit, accompanied by Rev. Edgar M. Levy, D. D., of the Berean Baptist Church, and by Rev. John C. Bliss, of Plainfield, N. J., both of whom were formerly members of the Church.

The platform immediately in front of the pulpit had been reserved for the Ministers of the Gospel, and it was fully occupied by them, prominent among whom were Rev. Dr. Musgrave, Rev. Matthew Grier, and Rev. I. N. Torrence.

Over the desk a beautiful arch of evergreens was sprung, surmounted by a crown of lilies. The columns of the pulpit were entwined with green, the whole presenting a pleasing and appropriate aspect.

The regular services of the day were commenced with singing by the congregation. After which the Pastor, Rev. John Chambers, offered prayer as follows:

#### THE PRAYER.

Thou infinite Sovereign, Lord of the universe, our Father and our God! Into Thy divine presence we come on this hallowed morning, with all its rich glories, beauties and memories rising up before us. We would call upon our souls and all that is within us to be stirred up to bless and magnify Thee as our Father in Christ,

and adore Thee for the wonderful provision which Thou hast made for a lost and ruined world; to thank Thee that we live upon Thy footstool to-day; and with the recollections of the past rising before us, and calling for that gratitude, for that love, for that devotion that is due to the God of Mercy, the God of Truth, the God of Grace.

And now that we are gathered in Thy temple this morning, to lift our voices to Thee in praise, and in thanksgiving, and in supplication, we implore Thee to grant us Thy Holy Spirit, that, as we approach into Thy presence, we may experience the blessedness of the man whose God is the Lord. We render thanks to Thee for all the mercies that have crowned us with loving kindness and tender compassion, for the many years that we have lived together. We thank Thee for all Thy favors bestowed upon us, in sickness or in health, in prosperity or in adversity. We thank Thee for any good that we may have done in the world; because all that we have done has been by Thy grace and by Thy help. And, Almighty God, we entreat Thee, that upon each individual member of this family of the Son of God, elders and people, teachers and taught, parents and children, minister and congregation, there may come down from the Throne of God, from the very heart of our Father, a blessing this morning that maketh rich and adds no sorrow. We

thank Thee for that sublime and beautiful system of religion revealed unto us in the Bible; that system that makes man so much like God, when he is under its converting, its sanctifying, and its purifying influences. We adore Thee, because it comes to convert the sword into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook. We adore Thee, that its object is to reconcile man to God, to reconcile man to man; and from our hearts we thank Thee, Thou infinite Sovereign of men, for a religion so pure, so simple, so sublime, so distinctly calculated to make man just what God would have him be; and may that religion have its direct influence upon our minds and upon our hearts; and may this congregation of our fellow-beings, and our fellow-citizens, and our fellow-men, share with us in God's richest, and purest, and divinest benediction. May the hearts of all in this house be filled with peace. May our bodies be the temples of the Holy Ghost. May Jesus Christ dwell in us richly, by faith, that the lives we live in the flesh may be by faith upon the Son of God. Let Thy work, Glorious Father, be revived this day—this memorable day—this day, when we look back over fifty years of Thy conducting goodness, through which we start anew, upon the light of this beautiful morning, under the guidance and influences of the Holy Ghost, with the Spirit of the Resurrection and the Life, to bear on-

ward in the residue of life's pilgrimage allotted to us, the power, the influence, the glory of God's religion.

We adore Thee for the infinite truths presented to us throughout the Bible. We thank Thee for the message that comes so free and full from the heart of that noble apostle who was ready to preach the Gospel to them that were at Rome, also; rejoicing in the cross, and glorying in the doctrines of salvation, and preaching those doctrines upon that seven-hilled city, until the despot's throne trembled, and his knees smote together under the majesty of truth.

O, Lord God! we pray for Thy blessing to be upon us all, and we implore Thy blessing upon the many ministers of the Church of God, to-day; upon every man that loves the atonement and that hopes alone for salvation by that atonement, that can see, consecrated before his mind and heart, a living temple, imbued with the power and wisdom of God, and God, in that living temple of man, as the Son of the Eternal, the Redeemer of the lost. Let blessings come down upon our city, upon our entire ministry, upon every Church of Jesus Christ, upon all teachers and taught. May Heaven shower benedictions until there shall not be room to contain them; and roll on the majesty and power of truth, until some beautiful morning, the whole city of our God shall be gathered around the throne of Jehovah, shouting our sweetest

and loudest hallelujahs as we lay our crowns at the feet of the Prince of Glory.

Let blessings be upon those of this family that are detained at home to-day. We thank Thee that some of the most venerable and aged are here; and we have to commend to Thee, that venerable servant of Thine, who longed to be here, but is detained this morning. Bless that dear old man; comfort his heart. Thou hast been very good to him these ninety years. More than ninety and five years Thou hast been good to him. Be better to him to-day than his fears, and, though he cannot be with us, be Thou with him and fill him with Thy blessings. Remember all those that are detained by sickness; and especially would we entreat Thee, in behalf of those two young men, those noble soldiers of the cross, that by illness are detained from us this morning. God bless them! Mercifully hear the prayer that they may be spared, and brought back, and be more noble than ever in Thy service, adding to the strength, and to the beauty, and to the influence of our beloved band of young men. May Heaven spare them, if it be consistent with Thy will.

Extend Thy blessings over our entire country. Deliver us from all embarrassments in trade and business. Let the day of industry return. Restore unto us the day of peace and quiet, and may tur-



bulent and ungodly men be made ashamed of their breaking in upon the rules and the organization of society. May Heaven bless the President of the United States. God help him to stand by the Constitution and the laws of the land, like one that would rather be hewn down than yield an inch. We pray for all the authorities of the government. We pray Thee for all the Governors of all the States, and of our own beloved State. We entreat Thee, most holy and good God, to hasten that day when every man in official life, from the President down to the humblest, shall be a true man, a pure man, an honest man, a God-fearing man, a man with the anchor of his hope within the vail where Jesus hath entered before; and may all kind of wicked habits, all wicked pursuits, be swept away before the majesty of truth. Will the Lord God hear us for the deliverance of our country from that blighting and withering and destructive power, intemperance; that all these haunts of vice, and these roads to poverty, ruin and crime, shall be all swept away; and, instead thereof, be beautiful pathways leading to peaceful and happy homes, to gladden wives, to make angels happy, and to bring men back from their evil and ruin, to God.

Our Father, let Thy Kingdom, everywhere, come from the rising to the setting sun; from the rivers unto the ends of the earth; when Jesus, the Prince of

Love, the Prince of Peace, the Prince of Glory, shall sway his beautiful, his peaceful, his loving sceptre; and the whole human family, casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, shall sit, clothed and in their right minds, at the feet of the Son of God.

Be with us this morning. Direct us in the duties before us; and, Almighty God, grant that Thy truth may be presented in its simplicity, and, when we come to give to this congregation the brief history of our past life, teach us to give Thee all the glory for the blessings with which Thou hast crowned our labors. Aid us in all that we do, keep us in great unity to the end of life, and at last, may this entire church meet those that have gone before us, and, as we come out upon the battlements of glory and look in upon God's dominions, and join in the triumphant song, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will to men," to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, to whom alone we pray, to Thee, eternal Parent, we will give the honor, the praise, and the glory for the pardon of our sins, for the hope of an immortal life with Thee, forever and ever. Amen.

After prayer, another Hymn was sung.

The REV. JOHN CHAMBERS then arose, and with the clear ringing voice, for which he has always been distinguished, announced his text, as follows :

IN the 133d Psalm, we have one of the most beautiful and exquisite passages in the Word of God :

“ BEHOLD, HOW GOOD AND HOW PLEASANT IT IS FOR BRETHERN TO DWELL TOGETHER IN UNITY !

“ IT IS LIKE THE PRECIOUS OINTMENT UPON THE HEAD, THAT RAN DOWN UPON THE BEARD, EVEN AARON'S BEARD : THAT WENT DOWN TO THE SKIRTS OF HIS GARMENTS :

“ AS THE DEW OF HERMON, AND AS THE DEW THAT DESCENDED UPON THE MOUNTAINS OF ZION : FOR THERE THE LORD COMMANDED THE BLESSING, EVEN LIFE FOR EVERMORE.”

This, my beloved, is a solemn day for you, and it is a solemn day for me. We have met in the name of our Master to be guided and directed, I trust, in His spirit, in the discharge of the duties of this fiftieth anniversary day since you and I started in life's pursuits together in the service of Jesus Christ.

The Psalm which I have read as the basis of our jubilee rejoicing, is rich, beautiful, adapted, closing with everything that is calculated to make man happy. God never meant a man to be a savage—to be a brute—to be a wild, raving maniac. He made him for the highest and the grandest purposes imaginable. He made him, that he might sip the dew from every flower on earth, and drink of the beautiful streams of life with a loving heart, to eat the products of the soil, to live with God amid all the beauties and the glories of this life ; so that no man breathes upon God's footstool with so much freedom, or enjoys God's favor

with so much exquisite enjoyment, as the man who lives and walks with God. There is not a star that twinkles, there is not a rivulet that flows, there is not a mountain that rises, or a valley that spreads out in its rich and luxuriant beauty, that does not belong to him as the fruit of his living and walking with God. That which was made for one man, was made for all. God did not provide for a few, but for the whole; and we then, as God's people, in connection with this church, are called upon to review the past; and such a review must either be joyous or painful to us as we have lived during these fifty years. There is much—very much in the chequered path of life, from the cradle to the grave, that is blissful—that is very blissful—for God made us, my beloved hearers, to be happy. He designed that we should be happy, and that we should walk with Him; and there is certainly no real enjoyment, nor pleasure, nor comfort, only that which flows from God to us, and out from our regenerated hearts back to God, as the Author and Finisher of our salvation.

We are presented, in this beautiful Psalm, with some of those exquisite facts that spread themselves throughout the whole pages of God's revelation, showing what is really the purpose of God; that it is the religion of the Bible that makes man intellectually, morally, physically and spiritually happy, and it is this

religion alone: it is not a religion of a clime, nor a nation, nor a party, but of the universal family of man; it is this religion alone, that brings to man real peace, real joy, that environs him with those influences that are calculated to guard him amid all the changes of life. The statement is: "Behold!" says this inspired writer of God's book, "Behold!" Behold what?—How grand that sun is? how splendid that sweeping comet is? how marvelous that transcendently towering mountain? how broad the sea and deep its bottom? Not at all! Does he say, behold how good it is to go out as warriors, and wade through blood and carnage, and come back for the garlands of men to crown them for their supposed victories? No! Does he say, behold how pleasant it is for men to live in envy and wrath, to be filled with evil thinkings and evil surmisings? By no means. The statement of the Psalmist is, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" In one, one brotherhood, one hope, one anticipated glory beyond the home where we now dwell, when we shall pass over to God's Home. How good it is! It is good for the individual, it is good for the home, it is good for the neighborhood, it is good for the city, it is good for the nation, it is good for the world of man;—dwelling together in unity! That is what the statement of this Psalm is.

And how does the Psalmist illustrate it? To what does he compare it? Why, he said it is like the precious ointment, not ordinary ointment, but that consecrated and consecrating ointment made of the choicest spices that grow upon God's footstool, and savory in the extreme. God made all those spices odorous to every one; and there is nothing in this precious ointment, there is nothing about it that is not in itself beautiful, fragrant, savory, and calculated to make us feel happy. That is unity, and unity resembles the precious oil. There is no friction, there is no jar, there is no strife. It is beautifully made, and, when that was poured upon the head of God's High Priest, it ran down even to the very skirts of his garment. Everything within its range, within the influence of the atmosphere operated upon by that, becomes beautifully fragrant and exquisite to all. Nothing could exceed this. Where would we go to borrow a figure so rich, so beautiful, so strikingly adapted as this?

Then, in the second place, David says, Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in one. What is union like? As the dew of Hermon. It is that dew that comes down richly and beautifully, that descends upon the mountains of Zion, and upon all those beautiful hills in the old promised home of Israel, and in the home where

Jesus breathed the first breath of life. They are the dews that come upon those hills subjected to the arid blasts and oftentimes to the burning suns; coming down upon all the mountains and the hillsides and the valleys and everywhere where vegetation requires to be refreshed and invigorated. These grateful dews fall there, and you see the result. It is life; and that is the statement of the Psalmist. These dews fructify most beautifully, and enrich beyond measure as they come; for there, says the Psalmist, the Lord commands the blessing. What blessing? It is life. How sweet life is,—how good life is,—who does not love the life? And it is the life which is the blessing spoken of by the Psalmist. Not the life of three-score and ten, or, it may be, by reason of extra grace, four-score. O no! It is life that never dies,—that never can die. It is life in God, and it is life with God. That is the direct result of this glorious thing. You go out in the morning, and the beautiful little lily which, in the evening, had drooped its head as you retired, has lifted its head bright and blooming in your garden in the morning, and you see how fresh, how beautiful, how fragrant it is. The dew, the influences of life had revived it. So it is with the Gospel which is given to us. It is to vivify, it is to give life, it is to give strength to the soul, and it is to give undying life in Christ Jesus. That is what God



gives ; and this blessing is given just in proportion as God's children are living as they should.

That which is true in a limited degree, is true in an unboundedly extended degree. That which is true in a single congregation of believers, is true in the congregated people of God from the rising to the setting sun. Blessings always continue with those who dwell in unity and enjoy that which the Almighty has intended they should. Did you listen to that beautiful chapter which was read in your hearing this morning? Did you let it go down into your very soul, and, as you listened to verse after verse, did you see that the chief and the crowning of all is love? For that is the word ringing clear through that xiii. chapter of the I. Corinthians. It is love that triumphs. Now abide faith, hope and love, and the greatest of all is love.

It is, then, a part of my purpose, this morning, in pursuing this subject, to give an account of what has been the result in the fifty years' life of this dear family of Jesus Christ. Nor am I going to refer to this boastingly ; for there is not an act of my life, there is not a thought of my heart, there is not a purpose connected with my whole being that is worthy of a man, for which I am not indebted to God. Not unto me, not unto us, but unto that infinite Jehovah, the God and Father of the universe, who hath left



promises so rich, so free, so abundant upon this sacred page that we may be one in Christ, be all the praise and glory.

It is, to-day, fifty years since we entered together into our association as pastor and people. Those fifty years have been swept into eternity; and yet, here we are to-day, to sing the praises of the God who has preserved us. I grant you there is but a remnant and a very small remnant of that family to whom it was my province to come, at their own request, in the summer or spring of 1825. On the 9th day, the second Sabbath of the month of May 1825, I took my stand in the little house on Thirteenth street north of Market. I was invited to take charge of a small and humble congregation. The majority of the people were poor working people, industrious people, with one here and there dotted among them who could be called rich. When I entered the pulpit, there was not, in connection with that Church which had been in existence for a number of years, any organized means of Christian effort; not a Sabbath school, nor a prayer meeting, nor any religious organization save the Church itself; nor was there, in connection with that congregation or its communicants and three elders, Mr. Reed, Mr. Ross and Mr. Hogg, superannuated men, a family that I could ever find where the worship of God was observed on

the Sabbath and on the morning and the evening during the week.

The prospect, therefore, was rather chilly. I had left my home of many years in the city of Baltimore, where I received all the education that ever was bestowed upon me, and where I sat at the feet of that Gamaliel, the Reverend John Mason Duncan, to whom, under God, I am indebted, entirely by His grace, for the position I occupy to-day. My heart had been much interested in religious matters for two or three years before I left Baltimore. There were five or six of us young men, as students of Mr. Duncan, and we had organized some meetings through the city of Baltimore, and God was with us; and the warm heart—if I had any warm heart at all—that I brought to Philadelphia, was kindled at the altar of those dear young brethren. How much we are indebted to God for young men! How much, my brethren, are the eldership, are you, am I, indebted to young men!

But more of this presently. The first suggestion we made was—what shall we do? There was no Sabbath school, nor no prayer meeting. What shall we do? At a meeting of a number of the small family of Christ, the proposition was made that we should start a meeting for prayer, and the minister proposed to borrow two men from the Presbyterian

Church to help him. They all assented in a moment, for we began with unity, and, glory be to Almighty God, we have continued in unity; and, probably, never in the history of this beloved family, have we been more united than now. They all consented to the proposition for a prayer meeting, and I immediately made application for two brethren with whom I became acquainted—for I came here a stranger; I did not know half a score of human beings in the city of Philadelphia. I had but limited knowledge. I had no ministerial experience that I could speak of at all. I then made application for two men, one of them, Wilfred Hall, whom I presume is in this house this morning, although I do not see him, and Hiram Ayres, both of them admirable praying men. We then made application to Mr. Hall for the use of a room on Market street near what is now called Seventeenth street. There were not many people above Broad street then, and Mr. Hall granted us the use of the room; and, on the fourth Sabbath of May, we gave notice of the prayer meeting which was to be held. I went along with him to the prayer meeting. I knew not what would be the reception, but when we got there, near the hour of commencing the meeting, there was scarcely a spot for a human being to stand. They were there from Callowhill and from Front street; there were some young people from the

neighborhood of the Navy Yard; and there were others from every possible direction, gathering at this wild place with us, this Centre Square, in the darkness of the night. They did not seem to fear anything, their hearts were settled, and that meeting resulted most gloriously and every one of us went away rejoicing. The consequence was that sinners became converted, the congregation on the Lord's Day increased in numbers, in intensity, in solemnity, until the month of August, when the Reverend Dr. Ely, of Old Pine Street Church, preached and administered the Lord's Supper, (I was not ordained and could not do it,) and admitted to that first communion over forty individuals. Many of them were young men and women, and they were ready to go to work, and they did go to work; for, before the last of June, we had connected together quite a large number of interested, ardent, earnest young men. In the meantime, some young men had been converted and some old men, and they had come to me and volunteered their assistance in the prayer meeting; so that I had, in less than five weeks after the organization of the prayer meeting, having not a single individual to help when we started, four volunteers who came to me to assure me of their willingness to speak for Christ and to lead in prayer.

Then the next move was for a Sabbath school; and

the marvel was with what eagerness they took hold of it. They took hold of it with the most wonderful eagerness, and carried it on with vigor, procured rooms, and Sabbath school scholars and teachers entered their names, and we went on and on from that very day, after the institution of the prayer meeting and the Sabbath school, and the consequence was that we very soon felt that God was with us.

In the month of December of that year, I left the city of Philadelphia for the city of New Haven, where I was ordained by an association, to the Gospel ministry. I came back home, and, on the first Sabbath of January, 1826, I administered the Lord's Supper for the first time. Between seventy and eighty individuals united with us on that day, and I baptized the first child I ever baptized; and I suppose that child, Mr. John Chambers Arrison, may be in the house this morning. That communion occasion was peculiarly rich, in consequence of the presence of the Divine Master, and we had everything to cheer and everything to comfort us. Thus it seemed to me that the tide of God's favor was taken at the flood, and it has brought us on to where we are to-day; and I live to be able to say, on this fiftieth anniversary, that we have admitted to the Church of Jesus Christ 3,585 members. We have sent out

from our Church between thirty and forty young men who are in the ministry, two of whom are in the pulpit with me this morning, and possibly there are others in the house. A number of them have paid the debt of nature and have gone home, after they renounced the cross to have the crown put upon their heads.

Thus we have moved together, and I can say to this congregation that there is to-day, a unity throughout this family of God that I cannot explain. I know not of a disturbance, or of an unkind feeling. It has been thus, that we have moved on gradually, step by step, in the discharge of our duties; and I cannot refrain from making just this passing remark, from my own fifty years' experience, from what I have seen and known to be done in this Church;—where would the world be to-day, what would be its condition, its moral, its spiritual, its religious condition, if the church of God had continued a unit, just such as is referred to in this beautiful text, and such as runs through all God's Divine Scriptures? What would have been the condition of the world to-day, if the entire ministry of reconciliation had been, every one united together? How good, how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! What would have been the condition of the world, and where would have been the geographical limits of my Lord

and of your Lord, and of his kingdom to-day,—what would have been the condition of the six hundred millions of men away off in the distant countries of the world, if, in the seventeen or eighteen hundred years of the Christian religion, the Church had been one, if her ministry had been one,—one in mind, one in heart, one in purpose? There is but one way to Heaven, and I ask what would have been the condition of the world if, in all these years, the Church of God had been one? Who could estimate it by possibilities? You see what the result might have been by what it *has* been, in a small way, with this humble congregation, numbering some fifty or more followers of the Man of Nazareth; for we, being a unit in our Church relations, have been moving on, step by step in the way that God had pointed out,—young men, old men, young women and old women, recording their names upon the book of God, joining their hands and their hearts in the great business of saving men. If this had been done with the Church the world over, what would have been the result? Where would the war cry be heard? Where would be heard the wild blast of the trumpet, summoning men to bloody and deadly conflict, under the dominion of Prince Jesus? and there is where it must be, for, my brethren, you will never put this world right if you were to bring the whole globe under the dominion



and power of carnage and death. You could never effect its regeneration in that way. There is but one way in which this world of ours can be bettered, bettered intellectually, bettered morally, bettered spiritually, bettered physically, and that is by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the marvel is that men are so dull on this subject. Do not they see it? What have we been doing in this world for six thousand years? We have been killing each other by millions and millions and millions. Have we converted anybody? No, certainly no! Then we have to come to this unity, to this one in Christ, this one in hope, this one in joy, this one in that grand anchorage of our immortal nature, within the dominions of the Most High God. Just look at this little family of Jesus Christ, this humble family, with a young minister, a stranger away from home and from the friendships of his boyhood and his youth, that agreed, by God's grace, to love each other, to work with each other, to pray with each other, and the result is before us. Thousands and thousands have been added to the Church of our own choice; and we know nothing about the outside influences that have gone abroad from these praying men and women, to bless and strengthen other churches. But such it is; and, I say, we agreed for ever and ever, so far as we were concerned, to live in unity. We have been living in



unity, and I can testify, in the presence of my God, that there has not, in any single instance, in the meetings of our Session for fifty years, been an unkind or an angry word spoken. We never gave a vote, when it was necessary to give it, when the vote was not a unit. In the Board of Trustees there has been great unanimity—marvellous unanimity. I am not acquainted with the past history of the Board of Trustees as thoroughly as I am with the history of the Session, over which I presided, but I know that they have been just a unit; and the consequence has been that we have never in our lives gone abroad to seek for means to help us. We sought no aid to help us build this beautiful church, which, I think, is good enough for anybody, even for those that are spending millions of dollars on houses of worship, while many of their brethren are starving for want of the Gospel of God. I never believed in such a policy, and I do not now. We have never had a fair, nor a concert, nor a festival. All that we needed, we received from private contributions, and the immense majority of it was from our own industrious and working people; and God only can tell what a people can do if they will.

So it has been, my brethren, that God has bestowed upon us so much of his love, that 3,585 members have been taken into church fellowship with us; and,

of this great number, among those who are living to-day, although I have endeavored to find out diligently, I do not know but a single individual now living who voted for me to come to the city. I have been in quest of others but I cannot find them; and there are but a very, very few in this family now, of those who started with us or who came into the communion of the church shortly after.

It has thus been my privilege, beloved, to labor with you, to pray and to preach. I have seen your children brought into the church and have baptized them. I have seen and baptized their children's children. I have baptized the children and I have married their children, and I have baptized their grandchildren, and have enjoyed it greatly. Here I may just as well state the fact to you, that I have married 2,329 couples. I was not responsible for their future happiness, but, I believe and trust that, in the main, they have all been happy. If they were not happy, the fault is their own. There is no reason why men and women cannot be happy when they ought to be.

Connected with our movements as a church, no single event in our history exceeds in point of grandeur or of importance Bethany Mission. I say none exceeds in point of grandeur, and greatness, and usefulness, Bethany Mission. A very few, some thirty of the young workers of our church, headed by

that remarkable young man, John Wanamaker, left us, and after there being a selection made in the southwestern part of the city, they started a Sabbath school in the working room of a little Irish shoemaker, with some ten little ragged children to begin with, and, in the course of a very few weeks, they had to take all the rooms in the little Irishman's home, pretty much, and then they had not enough. A tent was erected that would contain some four or five hundred; and then the congregation agreed that there should be a house put up, and a one-story house was put up that would contain some five or six hundred. They went to work, and they worked just like workers ought to work; and now let any one of you go to that southwestern part of this city and contrast its present condition with what it was twenty years ago. Look at that Bethany Mission school containing from seventeen to eighteen hundred children.

Look at Bethany Presbyterian Church, in conjunction with Bethany Mission school, a beautiful structure, capable of holding a large number; and then look around, and ask where are those haunts of vice, where are those low drinking saloons, where are those bloated evidences of a poor degraded drunkard? Changed as with God's breath in the morning of Paradise; all changed, and there is a comfortable and beautiful home for the artizan and the mechanic, and

everything wears the aspect of Bible Christianity. And, my brethren, it matters not where you establish the Protestant religion—and I am not ashamed or afraid to say it—wherever you establish this Protestant religion you take with it blessings to the poor, blessings to the home, you change the aspect of all, and you are permitted to look at what God Almighty does with a people who will do what He asks them to do for themselves. I consider that Bethany Mission one of the grandest events of our fifty years' history; and I am thankful to God that that which was but a little child and unable to walk alone, God has permitted me to live and see it a magnificent child, moving on, in the majesty of truth and in the power of holiness, to bring men to God. That little missionary effort some sixteen or seventeen years ago, or thereabouts, is now a grand success, throwing out influences of piety in every possible direction. I cannot but rejoice in my inmost soul at this great success that has been allowed us in the discharge of our duty. And we might look at very many other things in connection with it, but, if we give you the facts in connection with this movement, you will be satisfied that it was the result of dwelling in unity. That was the result of union, and this splendid building in which we are assembled is the result of union. When, in 1830, it was impossible for us to

stay in the little house built by the Will of Margaret Duncan, we determined to erect this building. And here let me say, my brethren, that the old house ought never to have been touched. No brick should ever have been moved from a wall in that building. That house was built by reason of the Will of the grandmother of my honored father in Christ, the Reverend John Mason Duncan; because, on her way from her native land, from the very town in the county of Tyrone where it was my privilege first to see life, from the town of Stewartstown, across the Atlantic, the vessel on which she was a passenger was overtaken by a terrific storm. Everything was given up for lost, and the captain assured the people that there was nothing more to be done. That venerable, old Christian woman went to the captain and asked to have every one brought into the cabin in order that she might pray with them to God, and all that could be spared went into the cabin; and that venerable old woman, between seventy and eighty years of age, called them all around her, and went down upon her knees to pray to God—as people ought to do when they pray. I do not believe in this modern, lazy way of praying sitting down. No, I do not. But, all on board this vessel gathered around this good old Christian woman in the cabin, and that old saint of God bowed down and covenanted with her

Father in Heaven, when the wild tempest was sweeping through the rigging, smashing everything almost as it went on its terrible career; and she told the Lord that if He would bring them safe to shore and land them in the city of Philadelphia, she would build Him a church. The tempest ceased to howl speedily; the winds lulled; the sailors adjusted the broken rigging; and, thanks be to God, on the ship came, sailed up the Delaware, and Mrs. Duncan landed alive; and, when her Will was written, the money that was left for that purpose built the little church where we worshiped so long. I say it is a shame that the church was ever destroyed. However, it is torn down, and we have nothing more to do with it.

During our existence as a church, eighteen brethren have been selected and elected to the Board of Eldership from the beginning to now. The first election has passed beyond my recollection, and I cannot call it up; but eight out of the eighteen of those men have gone home to God. Every one of them was a noble worker. They were Matthew Arrison, Thomas Hibbard, Robert Luther, Jacob B. Broome, John Yard, Aaron H. Burtis, Richard Smallbrook and Alexander Brown.

Mr. Robert Buist was an elder at the time, and among the noblest workers; but he removed to the

country and could not attend. He resigned his eldership, which we all most deeply regretted.

Then there was a small difference—if I may call it small—in the Session, during the late war. Some of my dear brethren, four of them, thought that I did not pursue the right course. In my conscience, before the Lord, I was opposed to the war; and I am conscientiously opposed to all war. Conscientiously. My Divine Master set me such a magnificent example, as you find it in the 9th Chapter of the Book of Luke, where His disciples come to Him and wanted some fire to come down, as the prophet had called it before, and consume His enemies;—in the magnificent meekness and magnanimity of the incarnate Godhead, Jesus said, “I did not come to destroy life, but to save it.” And that natal song, sung ages ago, will never cease ringing through my ears: “Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, goodwill to men!” Can I, as a minister, could I, as a minister of the Prince of Peace, encourage that which was to imbue my brothers’ hands in brothers’ blood? No! No! No!

Some of these dear brethren have moved from us. We did not dispute. They treated me, and they have always treated me with the greatest respect, and they were among our most useful men. They were Daniel Steinmetz, Joseph B. Shepherd, R.



S. Walton, and John Yard, Jr. The three former left us, but we parted in peace, and we have been on terms of the most perfect friendship since. Our brother Yard, I believe, never again worshiped with us. I am not positive as to that, but he never took his certificate of membership away, and it was his solicitation that I should stand by him, as that beloved man of God cast earth's tears and sorrows and anxieties upon Christ as the charter of his salvation; and I bade him farewell as he went home to God. That is the only instance in all our life when there was any trouble, and we did not have trouble with each other then—we parted in peace.

We have, at the present time, in the Board of Eldership, the following: Francis Newland, Thomas P. Dill, John C. Hunter, Edward S. Lawyer, Frederick J. Buck, M. D., and Robert H. Hinckley, Jr. These are true men, noble men, and we are perfectly one in mind and heart, touching the interests of the Kingdom of God. This is a record that is worthy of being written. I might say also, that during my ministry, I have attended between four and five thousand funerals. I am utterly unable to give you any account of the number of times that I have preached and spoken for my dear Master. I am confident of one thing, however, that I have preached, upon an



average, three times every week during the fifty years of my ministration.

Aside from many, very many of the blessings of life (and allow me to say that I will not detain you a moment longer than I can help) I have had exceedingly many endowments and favors that I have received as the minister of this congregation, in the fifty years in which they have bestowed upon me great kindnesses; one occasion was in my early ministry. In the year 1830, I lost my voice, so that I could not have been heard twenty paces from where I am now, if you had given me the world. My physician ordered me away, and I was gone fourteen months. When the announcement was made to my brethren that I had to go, they instantly made arrangements. They put into my purse twenty-five hundred dollars, and into the hand of my dear friend and brother, Rev. Dr. Ludlow, the father of Judge Ludlow, one thousand dollars, to preach on the Sabbath for one year; making thirty-five hundred dollars down at once. It was a noble and generous act on their part.

The ladies of the congregation clubbed together once, as women can do, and they carpeted my house, my study, and my parlors, beautifully and elegantly, and it lasted me for years. In 1865, the male members of the Church agreed together, without my

having the slightest knowledge, and they procured for me a most beautiful set of silver, which most of you have seen, and any of you can see, for it is not locked away. I have used it from the first day until now, and I will use it while God allows me to live. It was a splendid present. When I reached my seventy-sixth year, the young people of the Church, without my knowing one word of it, got together, and they converted those two figures "7—6" into gold dollars, and they presented me the "76" beautifully made up of gold dollars, containing one hundred and eleven in all.

In this way, these people have bestowed their kindness upon me, and, in addition to these favors, if I were to tell you all the story, and all the history of the many—the very many private and beautiful favors sent to my house, I would not know where to commence. Many of them I enjoy still, and how generous and how attractive they are! Moreover, in this pulpit, for I can only just give you hints in regard to this thing, the evening of life has been rendered beautiful by the love and the kindness of this Church.

For forty-eight years we were an Independent Presbyterian Church; but, as the shadows began to grow long and I could see that they were reaching out toward the end of my pilgrimage, I was concerned

about this beautiful house, this valuable property, for it is all ours. It is free of debt. We do not owe anybody, and, thank God, your preacher can say that the man does not breathe on earth that can ask him for one cent of indebtedness. My brethren, I do not owe a cent on the face of the earth,—not one. About three years ago, I began to think seriously about the future condition of our Church. I had no confidence. For a whole year I did not even say to the beloved companion of my bosom what my object was, what I was thinking about, but I was casting around to know what was to become of this house. I thought of that little house down at the eastern end of Girard street, where the venerable and godly Samuel Wylie, D. D., lived and preached Jesus Christ; and I remembered the degradation which afterward fell upon it. I remembered the beautiful church on Seventh street below Arch, where our honored friend, Dr. Beadle, preached; and I remembered that it was converted into a place for negro minstrels. I recollected the house where my once remarkable and eloquent and noble friend, Thomas H. Stockton, preached Christ Jesus; and how it was desecrated from the service of Almighty God to the service of the devil; and I said, one morning, as I sat upon the summit of a hill away off yonder in the State of New York, just as the sun was going down,

and I looked out upon that beautiful country: "God helping me, when I go home I will tell my brethren the conclusion I have reached after a whole year's study, and thought, and prayer." That conclusion that I had come to was, that we would go into the Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, we would change our charter, and we would put this Church in such a chartered position that we should never lose it, but it should stand firm and fixed upon the immutable principles of the Lord God, firmly consecrated to the holiness of the atonement and the blood of the saints. We did it. We went into the Presbyterian Church. Those men of God threw their arms around us, almost with shouts of hallelujah, in the room just back of our house. The Presbytery met us and welcomed us, and I had the satisfaction of seeing this Church taken into fellowship with that denomination where they are to-day, and where I trust the Church will ever abide and prosper under God's blessing. I say, devoutly, that we did not lose our membership by the change. I believe there were two communicants who took some offense, one of them, poor fellow, has gone home to Heaven, I believe, but there were but those two who left us; and I am as certain as I can be, that if that dear brother had lived, they would have, both husband and wife, been with us now.

I will also state that the ordinance of the Lord's

Supper has been administered every quarter of a year for the last fifty years, and that there has been but one communion during the whole time when there were not additions, and that was one of the quarters when I was absent in Europe. We have never received, at any single time, fewer than seven, and no more, at any one time, than one hundred and twenty to the communion. I state these facts that you may see how good God has been to us, and how great our debt is.

I cannot refrain from returning my thanks to my beloved friends, the members of the Grand Lodge of Masons of the State of Pennsylvania, for their presence this morning,—may God bless them, every one!

Those of you who are here to-day in this vast assemblage of my fellow-citizens, will not be surprised that I love the congregation of this church, and that I can say, “Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” We might have been torn to pieces, had not unity prevailed. The devil tried it twice, but failed signally; and he could not do it if he was to try it a thousand times; for God is a sun and shield, who gives grace and glory, who surrounds His people with majesty, if they put their trust in Him. You cannot marvel then, that my heart clusters around these men and women

of God who have treated me with so much kindness, not one of whom has ever spoken an unkind or an ungracious word to me in all my ministry. I esteem and love them for all they have done. Now what can I do? All that I have to do is to give them the unbounded gratitude of my heart, and, from the inmost home of my heart, I pray Almighty God that upon every one of us may come the blessing of God and His dear Son; and my prayer to my Father and my Master is, that in the future, when it shall please God to make alterations and changes such as He has a right to make and as He will make, that there may come into this pulpit a man far in advance of the old preacher, in every respect, and that peace and prosperity may be upon him and upon you, in your homes, in your business, in your families, and in your church; by the wayside in this life, and with you forever in the life eternal. God bless you! God bless you! God bless you! You—and you—and you—God bless us every one! Amen.

REV. EDGAR M. LEVY, D. D., then offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, Thou who hast been the help and the strength of Thy people, who hast covered them under the shadow of Thy wing, bring to this people and to Thy church every-

where, comfort and joy and peace. We thank Thee on this auspicious day for the memories of the past, and for the blessings of the present. We have come here to join our beloved pastor and father in Christ, in raising an Ebenezer to Thy grace. We all would inscribe upon that memorial column, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Our hearts are all tremulous with pleasant memories, and our eyes moist at the recollections of days gone by, of sweet and hallowed seasons spent in this sacred place. We thank Thee, O God, for the long life and the useful ministry of Thy servant who has spoken to us this morning. We thank Thee that he has ministered to so many of us; that he has been a comfort and a joy to so many dear to our hearts, who have crossed the river and are before Thy throne in glory; that he has comforted and blessed so many who yet linger like setting stars, still filling us with joy and gratitude, because of their relationship to us, and their strength in Thy Divine faith. We thank Thee for the multitudes that have thronged this temple, for the hearts that have been won to the service of Jesus, for the trophies that have here been hung upon the cross of Christ, and for the streams of blessings that have been flowing for so many years from this centre of strength and salvation.

And now, O God, we pray that Thou wilt bless



Thy servant abundantly, to-day. Grant that his health and strength may be yet continued for years to come. May his eye grow no dimmer, may his strength not become feebler, may he continue to abide under the shadow of the Almighty, may he so abide in strength and continue to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. May his last days be even more fruitful of blessing than the days and years which are past; and grant that, at last, he may see the fruits of his ministry in the salvation of souls gathered around Thy throne in Heaven!

We pray Thee now, to bless this service, bless this thronging congregation. Grant that we may all receive a new inspiration from what we have heard, and learn to trust in the Lord, and to trust in Him forever, for with the Lord is everlasting strength.

O God! be Thou the God of our brother and father in Christ. Be Thou our God, our strength and our shield, and, when we are called from earth, may we all have an abundant fulness given to us in the Heavenly Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. May we join that great family who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. May we be permitted to join with him who has been our guide, our teacher, our pastor, and our friend, in crowning Jesus, Lord of All;



and to Thy great name, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, shall be all the praise. Amen.

The closing hymn, No. 598, was read by Rev. JOHN C. BLISS.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. JOHN CHAMBERS, D. D.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all,—Amen.

After which the vast congregation quietly and silently dispersed, but bearing with them the deep impress of the solemn services.

On Sabbath afternoon, REV. DR. T. J. SHEPPARD, of the First Presbyterian church, Northern Liberties, whose early ministry had been much encouraged by Dr. Chambers, was selected to preach the sermon, which was delivered with peculiar grace and power as follows :

I esteem it, my friends, a special privilege and honor to be invited to take part in the memorial services of to-day. I have known and loved the honored pastor of this church a generation's time. When near a quarter century ago I came to this city and entered upon the work of the ministry in a neighboring congregation, I was indebted for suggestion and counsel to no one more than to him who to-day, in his

first and only charge, completes his half century of service. A young minister, I needed the advice and aid of an older and wiser one ; and from the pastor of this church I never sought either in vain. I am glad that arrangements for these memorial services have been so generously and so properly made ; I am especially glad that I am permitted, this afternoon, to place a tiny chaplet of affection and reverence upon the brow of a veteran soldier of Christ, my own personal friend and the trusted counsellor and guide of the many hundreds in this great assembly, who rejoice to call him their pastor. I simply echo the sentiment of the churches in this city when, as their humble representative, I remind the flock which has been my brother's life-long charge, that in most honoring him they most honor themselves.

But, forbearing to extend these introductory remarks, I proceed at once to the part assigned me. In connection with the third verse of the first Psalm, and as a theme not inappropriate to this occasion, I propose to sketch

### THE GODLY MAN.

The text reads thus ;

“HE SHALL BE LIKE A TREE PLANTED BY THE RIVERS OF WATER, THAT BRINGETH FORTH HIS FRUIT IN HIS SEASON ; HIS LEAF ALSO SHALL NOT WITHER.”

These words of the Psalmist, written of the godly man three thousand years ago, are as true to-day as they were true then. They liken the godly man to a tree planted by the rivers of water; and, in the image, as elegant as it is suggestive, they summon us to conceive the godly man as he is in reality. We consider a moment the several points involved in the text.

I. We observe that, according to the Psalmist, the godly man, or the man resembling God in sentiment and sympathy is a subject of especial Divine favor.

We gather this from the word *planted*. We know that it is the Divine hand alone which, taking a man from the wild, dark woods of unsanctified nature, plants him, with pains-taking care, in the garden of grace. God's people are His, not because they first chose Him, but because His sovereign, eternal, electing love fastened on them. An apostle writes, "We love Him because He first loved us." The Greater than an apostle says, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." Hence, God's saints of all ages are described in Scripture as "Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified." Hence, also, every true child of God gives utterance to experience in the glad song:

Why was I made to hear Thy voice,  
And enter while there's room,  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?

'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
Which sweetly forced me in,  
Else I had still refused to taste,  
And perished in my sin.

We do not err, then, my friends, in concluding from the word *planted* that the godly man is a subject of especial Divine favor. The word is eloquent of discriminating grace, electing love, planning wisdom, achieving power, everything, indeed, which belongs to God's purpose of salvation.

But, as expressive of favor as is the word *planted*, that same word becomes far more expressive when its connection in the text is considered. We are to conceive of the godly man, not only as planted but as planted *by the rivers of water*. That is, a favored tree whose roots drink of unfailing springs. Growing large and strong, sending out, on every side, great branchy arms which encircle its trunk like guards about the person of a king, the well-watered tree is the fitting and fair symbol of prosperous fortune.

And, according to the text, such tree is the godly man. Planted by Jehovah's hand in the best position

for spiritual development, the godly man is possessed of inexhaustible resources. He draws the material of his growth and strength, not from some tiny streamlet which summer heats may dry or human industries divert, but from "rivers of water," from streams vast as the soul's capacities and, in their flowing, endless as God's being.

Do we ask what these rivers are? We find the answer to be this: The manifold means and agencies of grace. What we know as prayer, meditation, the reading and preaching of the Word, the table of the Lord, Christian fellowship, active labor for Christ, and whatever else may transmit to the soul the Divine influences of the ever-loving, infinitely gracious Spirit, are but so many channels along which flow unwasting streams of life and blessing. He who, planted by these rivers of water, draws from them his supplies, shall, indeed, be "fat and flourishing." His growth shall be eternal; his strength immortal; his fruit, what befits the skies; his beauty, what becomes an angel; his destiny, that of a favored Son of God. For thus we read; "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the House of the Lord shall flourish in the Courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing."—Psalm xcii, 12-14.

Yes, my friends, the godly man *is* a subject of especial Divine favor. How blessed his estate! Planted by the rivers of water, he shall never be dwarfed by drought, never be uprooted by storm, never be cast down by the axe of justice, never be scathed by the red lightnings of wrath, never be given over to blight and barrenness; but, advancing forever in growth and greenness, revealing forever the virtue and vigor of a Divine life, he shall, like some majestic, leaf-crowned palm, be sunned forever by God's smile, and be fanned forever by God's breath.

II. But, going on, we observe next, that, according to the Psalmist, the godly man is an unselfish benefactor of the world.

We gather this from the *fruitfulness* ascribed by the text to the planted tree: "He shall be like a tree that bringeth forth his fruit in his season." Nor is it surely, a slight benefaction which is imaged by a tree's unselfish and continuous fruitfulness. He who has in his garden a noble tree, which, shading him and his from noontide beams, yields up without stint, and year by year, its fruit for the refreshment of himself, his family and friends, is quite unable to estimate, by the price of silver, that tree's unselfish gifts. And yet the value of a fruitbearing tree is comparable, in no respect, to that of the godly man. What is the

godly man but God's representative on earth, a reflection more or less bright of the knowledge, wisdom, truth, goodness, holiness, justice of the everlasting Father? Every such man must be a fruit-bearer. He can no more fail to bring forth the fruits of righteousness than a tree can fail to bring forth the fruits proper to its kind. The law of his being, as the law of a tree's being, is to bear fruit. The end of his life, as the end of a tree's life, is to contribute substantially to the enjoyment and strength and well-being of the world. Nor can we be in doubt as to the actual fruit which the godly man bears, or as to its priceless value. In illustration of its kind and worth let me advert to some examples.

Few of us are unacquainted with the name of Philip Doddridge, the writer of an admirable book entitled, "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and an undeniably godly man of England, something more than a century ago. In writing his little book, he bore fruit, the preciousness of which the infinite intelligence of God alone can fully comprehend. That one volume has already led to Jesus, the Soul's Saviour and Sovereign, many thousands of immortal men and women and will lead many thousands more. As specimens of the intelligent, earnest, efficient piety which it is skilfully adapted to form and mature, I need but refer to William



Wilberforce and Dr. Stonehouse, both of whom were indebted to Doddridge's book for their religious impressions and impulses.

William Wilberforce! What histories cluster about the name! first, as that of the gay, thoughtless, frivolous man of fashion; next, as that of the cheerful, conscientious, consistent Christian; next, as that of the clear, strong, powerful writer on practical religion; and next, as that of the trusted, fearless, honest leader of British statesmen in the halls of Parliament. What Wilberforce did for the world is told in this brief sentence: he was the instrument in converting to the faith of Christ two remarkable men, Legh Richmond and Thomas Chalmers—the one the ornament of the English pulpit, the other, of the Scottish; and he was the eloquent and effective champion of West India Emancipation.

But, as efficient for good as was William Wilberforce, not less efficient, in a different sphere, was Dr. Stonehouse. A physician of celebrity and an avowed infidel, he relinquished, upon reading Doddridge's book, his scepticism and his profession. Becoming a sincere believer in Christ, he entered the ministry and was distinguished for eloquence in proclaiming the Gospel and for success in winning souls. The honored associate of Doddridge, Watts, Whitfield, the Wesley's, he is memorable as the spiritual father,



pastor and friend of Hannah More, whose voluminous writings have aided greatly in the illustrations of Christianity and in the elevation of women.

Now, in the light of such facts, who can mistake the kind of fruit borne by the godly man or doubt its value? Around Doddridge, as around some stately tree, clusters whatever is noble in learning, whatever is elevating in literature, whatever is sanctifying in religion, whatever is high in truth, whatever is holy in love, whatever is fitted to honor God and bless man. Around Doddridge, as around some goodly, fruit-bearing tree, gather those majestic trees of righteousness which the world knows as Willberforce, Stonehouse, Legh Richmond, Dr. Chalmers and Hannah More, and which, upon the world, for many, many years, have been conferring, in unselfish largeness, the noblest benefactions.

But, as we well know, Doddridge, the godly man, is simply the representative of numerous godly men, each bearing his fruit in his season and each blessing the world from age to age. We cannot call over a few of the names on the long roll of illustrious, godly men, without a sense of the vastness and the value of their unselfish labors for the world. We mention David Nasmyth, a clerk in Glasgow, the founder of City Missions and Monthly Tract Distribution in Europe and America; John Pounds, the cobbler, the

founder of Ragged Schools; Robert Raikes, the printer, the founder of Sunday Schools; John Howard, the philanthropist, upon whose grave in Russia, is the just inscription, "He lived for others;" John Calvin, the theologian, the fearless advocate of God's free and sovereign grace; Jonathan Edwards, the writer and preacher, the leader in efforts to promote revivals; Samuel J. Mills, the missionary, the originator of the American Board of Missions, the American Bible Society, and the American Colonization Society; we mention, I say, these names and, as we mention them, we see starting before us so many fruit bearing trees laden with fruits of priceless worth and showering their stores upon the world with an amazing unselfishness.

III. But going on, we observe again that, according to the text, the godly man is an object of attractive beauty.

We gather this from the unwithering leaf of the planted and watered tree. "His leaf," we read, "shall not wither." Foremost, perhaps, of all the beautiful things of earth is a branchy evergreen in that Eastern Land where the Psalmist dwelt. Those of us who have read John Ruskin know how eloquent he grows when descanting on the beauty of the olive tree; that tree which our Lord so loved and which, most likely, was in the Psalmist's thought when he wrote

the text. As John Ruskin paints the hoary dimness of the olive tree's delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it forever, and the gnarled writings of its intricate branches, and the pointed fretwork of its light and narrow leaves inlaid on the blue field of the sky, and the small, rosy white stars of its spring-blossoming, and the beads of sable fruit scattered by autumn along its topmost boughs, and more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver-gray, and tender like the down on a bird's breast, with which, far away, it veils the undulation of the mountains. We have before us an object of extraordinary beauty and the appropriate image of the godly man. For what rare and radiant beauty is the beauty of the godly man. It is the beauty of a brow on which God has set the stamp of truth. It is the beauty of an eye in which bright honor beams. It is the beauty of a look and bearing by which is expressed everything that comports with freedom, frankness, manliness, veracity, courage, nobleness, generosity, goodness. It is the beauty of the Divine image traced on the soul by God's spirit, shining through conduct as an exquisite picture shines through a transparency and bringing before the eye of the world a vision of surpassing loveliness.

But I must pause in the exposition of the text. I

have been illustrating briefly, at this service, the Psalmist's conception of the godly man. I have been showing that the godly man is a subject of especial Divine favor, an unselfish benefactor of the world, and an object of attractive beauty. And now, my friends, in the light of our theme, we cannot fail to see that whatever is godly is greatly honored, greatly privileged, and greatly blessed.

We certainly see that whoever is godly is greatly honored. No slight honor is it, surely, when God Himself takes the human soul and plants it where it shall grow into fitness for transplanting into the Paradise on high.

We certainly see, too, that whoever is godly is greatly privileged. No slight privilege is it, surely, when God concerns Himself with the making one the bearer of precious fruit and with the installing one into the lofty seat of the world's benefactor throughout all time.

We certainly see, moreover, that whoever is godly is greatly blessed. No slight blessing is it, surely, when God busies Himself in the work of investing one with a beauty that shall be as divine as His own image and as lasting as the soul.

How great, then, and how impulsive the motives that urge us to be godly. With godliness are inseparably conjoined honor and privilege and blessing.

With godliness is indissolubly linked all that is dignified in position, and all that is useful in life, and all that is glorious in destiny.

Dear, dear friends, let us strive to be godly. Do any of us ask how? I answer, by taking into the soul God's spirit and word; by carrying into the life the unselfish activities of God's Son, and by breaking into look and tone and speech the gentleness and purity and love of God's self. God's spirit and word taken into the soul are the sunshine and shower by which the soul grows. God's Son, in forming the life, secures all the energy and resolve and achievement of noble conduct. God's self shining through the man makes visible all the beauty and all the glory of right character. And thus, between the infinite God and our finite souls, an intimate and an eternal union will be consummated. God's sentiments will become ours. God's sympathies will become ours. God's truth and purity and love and goodness will become ours, just as the sunlight becomes a constituent element of the flower, or as the sap becomes a component part of the fruit. How wonderful and how glorious, my friends, is this doctrine of God's real union with the human soul! And how honored and privileged and blessed, beyond all expression is that human soul between whom and God this union subsists!

O happy soul that lives on high,  
While men lie groveling here !  
His hopes are fixed above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings ;  
While peace and joy combine  
To form a life whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.

Now, as thus I have sketched the godly man, his favored position, his abundant fruitfulness, his attractive beauty, his honor, his privilege, his blessing, we all have had in mind the beloved pastor of this church, who, for fifty years, in this city and in this congregation, has been such a man. A better illustration of my text can nowhere be found than that, my friends, which your pastor supplies. Planted in the garden of God's grace, he has been firmly planted for half a century in the affection of his people, in the regard of his brethren, and in the esteem of a great city's population. He has impressed all who have ever known him with the reality of his godliness. As a godly man, he has been as stable as the planted tree, as fruitful as the watered tree, and as beautiful as the unwithering tree. An eloquent preacher, a faithful pastor, a tried friend, he has been instrumental in rousing and leading and saving a great multitude of souls. He has not been a voluminous writer like

Dr. Doddridge, but he has been an indefatigable worker like Dr. Stonehouse. A numerous church, gathered by his unselfish toil, surround him to-day; but, a far more numerous church, guided by his unflagging zeal to the bank of the river, await him on the other shore. The precious fruit of his ministry and the manifold influences of his life can never be known on earth. Honored of God and privileged above most men, and blessed in his work as few ever are, he stands before us, this afternoon, a branchy, fruitful, attractive tree of righteousness. May his fruitfulness long abide and his leaf be long unwithering. But when it shall please God to remove him from the church below to the church above, then will the honor and privilege and blessing of to-day be as nothing to the honor and privilege and blessing of eternity; for, in the Paradise of God, he shall be planted by the river of life, and his leaf shall be unwithering forever.

ON Sabbath evening, REV. DR. BLACKWOOD delivered an eloquent discourse to quite a large audience. In the course of his remarks he paid quite a glowing tribute to the pastoral services of DR. CHAMBERS. To have presented this sermon in full, would have exceeded the limits set for this volume, and it is therefore unavoidably omitted.



MONDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 1875,

Had been set apart to give an opportunity to the people to hear as many pastors, who had formerly been members of the church, as could be conveniently heard.

During the course of DR. CHAMBERS' long ministry, quite a number of young men, under his encouragement, came forth from the congregation and devoted themselves to preaching the Gospel. As many of these as could be reached, were invited to attend. Many responded by their presence, others sent kind and regretful letters, some of which were read on this evening, and one very interesting one from REV. CHARLES BROWN will be found in the appendix. REV. DR. LEVY, now pastor of the Berean Baptist church, West Philadelphia, REV. JOSEPH J. BAKER, pastor of the Baptist church at Navesink, N. J., REV. WM. J. PAXSON, of the Union M. E. church on Fourth street, in Philadelphia, and REV. JOHN C. BLISS, of the Presbyterian church at Plainfield, New Jersey, attended, and delivered addresses on this (Monday) evening.

The exercises were presided over by DR. LEVY, who delivered the following beautiful and touching address :



THE fiftieth year was to Israel of old a year of peculiar interest and importance. It had its individual, social, and national benefits. The silver trumpet sent out the glad tidings that the auspicious day had come, and the whole land was at once filled with joy and gladness.

So this is, emphatically, a jubilee year to this church, and through all this congregation, through all the families connected with this church, and even beyond, to other churches, the trumpet of your jubilee has been heard, and thronging multitudes have come to give expression to their gratitude to God for His distinguished favor to this people, and to honor, as best they may, this man of God, who, during these fifty years, has maintained his position here as a true and faithful minister of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is a great honor to be a minister of the Gospel. Not made such by man, with pomp and ceremony, but called of God, and endowed with spiritual gifts. The highest office that can be conferred upon man is the pastoral office. For dignity, for responsibility, for influence and for usefulness, it towers above every other office or position in the world.

“It is not a cause of small import,  
The pastor’s care demands:  
But what might fill an angel’s heart,  
And fill a Saviour’s hands.”

What adorable wisdom is displayed in the establishment of this office! Where could we find a substitute for it? How else, without a constant miracle, could the church be preserved from extinction, and the believer from worldliness and apostasy?

I think it is Dr. Owen who says, that "if there were to be a failure in providing pastors, the church would fail in her mission." There is a depth of wisdom in this arrangement which it is impossible for us to overestimate. Experience teaches us that Christians, deprived of pastoral instruction and supervision, do not thrive, and that churches thus destitute never prosper. Even where the preaching of the gospel is continued, that church will never be strong and useful, which has no tender shepherd to watch for the souls of the people, and by all the expedients and assiduities of pastoral vigilance and love, train them up for heaven. The pastor is like a nurse who nourishes the babe in its weakness. He is like a messenger employed by a tender father, to guide a distant child to his home, and to instruct, protect and comfort him on the way. He is like Moses, an appointed leader, to conduct the people of God through the wilderness to the heavenly Canaan.

If this be a correct view of the pastoral office, and we think it is, it is very important that every church should not only obtain a suitable pastor, but that they

should esteem him very highly for his work's sake, and endeavor to make his settlement permanent and useful. Ministers are generally settled with too little consideration and care. They are called in seasons of emergency, and are not expected to remain any length of time. Or the people are captivated with a glittering sermon or two, and having no knowledge of their pastoral ability, the novelty soon passes away, and discontent and weariness follow. But it is not always the fault of the people. Ministers are as much to blame in this matter as their congregations. Often they do not settle with the intention of staying any longer than they can find a *better field*. Instead of identifying their own interests with their people, they are all the while watching for some pastor to die or to resign that they may jump into his nest. Does a pulpit become vacant? They seek at once an introduction, and without the knowledge of their own flock, you find them there candidating. Such pastors are not worthy of any position in the church. Their fate should be that of the coquettish woman, who solicits the attention of many and marries none. A pastor, in accepting the charge of a church, ought to consider it as his duty remain its spiritual guide until God, by a manifest indication of His will, should direct him to remove. The church ought to settle a minister on the same principle.

Brethren, members of the Chambers Presbyterian church, it is to your honor that you have preserved this pastoral relation unbroken for fifty years. Amidst all the restlessness and change so prevalent in these days, you have been more than satisfied. You have coveted no other ministry, and you have allowed no other people to rob you of your own chosen shepherd. From the beginning until now, unfailing confidence, tender sympathy and ardent love, have made this union enduring and fruitful of everything sweet and precious.

And the cords which bind *him* to you are not stronger or more loving than those which bind *you* to him. He has never encouraged for a moment the thought of leaving you for another field. How many churches would have been glad to have secured his services! But to all appeals he could answer with the Shunamite, "I dwell among my own people." How often have I heard him say that nothing but death should ever separate him from the people of his charge; that you were his first and only love, and that though you could give him only a crust of bread and a cup of cold water, he would continue to be your pastor. And through all the changes of life, in prosperity and adversity, in youth and in old age, here he has stood a true and faithful shepherd of the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him overseer. Fifty years he

has been the Bishop of this church. For fifty years his feet have been shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, and his path has been as a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Those fifty years! What a troop of shadows would assemble themselves if all those who sat under our pastor's ministry and have passed away to the spirit world, could at this moment re-appear! Fifty years! It is a time for review, for memory and for feeling. Whether it brings joy or sadness, smiles or tears, to-night memory must recall the past.

For more than forty of those fifty years, I have been more or less familiar and identified with the history of this church. When you worshiped in the old church on Thirteenth street, my mother took me by the hand, and led me to the ministry of this revered servant of Christ. He was then preaching in all the fiery zeal of his early manhood, and great crowds were attracted by his graceful oratory and irresistible pathos. I at once became a scholar in the Sunday School, which was held, for want of suitable accommodations, in a room on the corner of Locust and Thirteenth streets. Teachers and scholars were accustomed to walk in a body from the school room to the church. Such a procession every Sunday morning and afternoon would naturally attract the attention of persons on the street, and

many were known to have followed with wondering curiosity to the church, where they heard of Jesus and His salvation, and were converted to God.

I remember well, the digging of the foundation for this church. The first spadeful of earth was cast up by the pastor after a fervent prayer, his locks streaming in the early morning wind.

It was humorously said at the time, that, like all Irishmen, "Mr. Chambers knew how to handle the spade." Then came the corner stone, and then the dedication, which were occasions of great public interest, from the fact that Broad street was then almost the western boundary of the city. Dr. Duncan preached the dedicatory sermon. All that I remember of that sermon is its length. It was half-past one o'clock before it was ended.

From the very beginning, God's seal of approval was stamped upon Dr. Chambers' ministry; but the glory of the latter house has exceeded the glory of the former one. How awfully solemn has this place been at times! What seasons of revival! What multitudes have here been brought to repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ! During these "times of refreshing," many members of my family were converted and saved, and my own young and unregenerate heart was broken and healed. No extra or special meetings, I believe, were ever held,

but the regular services have always been the occasions of converting power.

The untiring industry, the earnest manner, and the burning eloquence of the pastor were magnetic, and it seemed at times that no one could continue long a member of this church without finding something to do. The aged men, Mitchel, Burtis, Luther, Yard, Arrison and others, seemed fired with more than youthful ardor, while the young were filled with a holy enthusiasm. Sunday was our field day. At six in the morning we had a prayer meeting; at nine, we were in the Sunday School; at half-past ten, preaching; at one, rehearsal in music, led by Professor Alden, and afterwards by Mr. Newland; at two, in the Sunday School again; at half-past three, preaching; and at half-past seven, prayer and conference meeting.

All this work was made easy by the inspiration of our pastor. In every enterprise he was our leader. I have known him to speak every night in the week, and sometimes more than once the same evening, in the cause of temperance. From old Southwark to old Kensington, from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, his voice like a trumpet was heard denouncing the traffic in liquor. We caught his spirit, and the first Youth's Temperance Society in Philadelphia, was organized by the young men of this church. This



Society, I understand, continues its organization and its usefulness.\*

Dr. Chambers has always been the counsellor and friend of young men. What pastor ever had the power of drawing around him, to the same extent, the young men of our city? Eternity alone will disclose the army of young men who have lighted their torches at this altar, and who have gone forth to enlighten and save a dying world.

Many of these young men have entered other denominations; but our pastor never seemed otherwise than glad that they had found fields of usefulness in other directions. His only concern seemed to be that they might be true men, useful men, faithful to God and to duty. And here, I can not refrain from an allusion to my own change of church relations, as illustrative of his generosity. When I felt called upon to leave this home of my youth and unite with another people who bear a different name, I called on him to tell him of my purpose. And while he could not accept of my views, I shall never forget with what a largeness of heart he took my hand in both of his, and bade me go and preach the everlasting Gospel to perishing men. And now, after a pastorate of thirty years, on which has ever rested the

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\* The Temperance Society referred to celebrated its Thirty-Fifth Anniversary February 22d, 1875.



blessing of God, I wish here to declare that, under God, I owe all to Dr. Chambers. He led me to church; he received me into this church at the age of 13; he encouraged me to use my voice in the prayer meeting; he urged me to study for the ministry, sending me to the first classical school I ever attended, paying the charges from his own means. My heart would be dead to all gratitude if I failed to acknowledge, on this jubilee occasion, my obligation to this man of God whom we all delight to honor. God bless you, my pastor and my friend! For all that you have been to me and to mine; for your kindness to my venerated and glorified father, and to my precious mother, who was converted in the old sanctuary, and who has been nearly all through these fifty years of your ministry ripening for heaven, and is only waiting now, patiently and sweetly, for the Master's coming; for your tender solicitude and faithful instructions to other members of my family, and especially to the dearest and sweetest one of earth, who once sang in yonder choir, but now sings in the choir above; and for all that you have been to me, from my early youth to the present hour, receive, venerable and beloved sir, my heartfelt thanks. And not mine only, but the gratitude, the respect and the love of this great company of God's children for whom you have so faithfully toiled, and whom God has made the seals of your ministry.

These flowers, that loving hands have placed on this pulpit, will fade, and this laurel will perish, but our love for you will never, never fade or die. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance, and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

After the address of Dr. Levy, the Rev. J. J. BAKER, of Navesink (New Jersey) Baptist church, who had been identified with the church in his earlier days, was introduced.

He stated that he first joined the church under DR. CHAMBERS, in January, 1829. He referred to the intense activity which characterized the young men of the church at the time he was with them. Among those to whom he referred were Brothers JOHN SUMMERS, BURNHAM, HUNTERSON and TOWN, all of whom became preachers of the gospel, but all were now dead except Bro. TOWN, who is stationed at Bethel, Sullivan county, N. Y.

He referred to Brothers HIBBERT and ARRISON as being very active members of the session, and as earnest helpers of the pastor.

The young men of that time were interested in two prayer meetings, one held in the "old frame," as it was called,—a barn down town, out of which effort

grew "The Cedar Street Presbyterian church." The other prayer meeting was held in "The Girard School House," out of which grew two churches, one Lutheran and one Baptist.

Brother BAKER then referred to his own ministry, and said he joined in all his Brother LEVY had said about the encouragement he received from DR. CHAMBERS. He referred to his wife as being an old Sabbath School scholar who still had much affection for her old church and pastor. His concluding remarks as to "the threads of one's life leading no one knew whither," were forcible and appropriate.

REV. F. J. PAXSON, of the Union Methodist Episcopal church, Fourth street, Philadelphia, was then introduced.

He said he had been spoken of as a Methodist preacher, but he said the predominant feeling in his mind was that of thankfulness that he was a Christian. He pointed to a place in the gallery where he sat when about seventeen years of age, an old time orthodox Quaker, attracted like scores of others, by the eloquence of Dr. CHAMBERS. Under the first sermon an arrow of conviction went to his heart and he found no rest until he united with the church. He cherished yet the warmest love for his old and beloved pastor.

REV. J. C. BLISS, of the Presbyterian church at Plainfield, New Jersey, was the last speaker. He referred to his personal relations with the Pastor; then he spoke of the communion seasons of the old church as being most wonderful and precious in their character. He doubted not that the wonderful success of the church under the charge of his beloved old pastor and friend could be attributed to two reasons: 1. Simple implicit faith in the gospel. 2. The constant unremitting presentation of Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, as the only hope of a ruined world.

At this meeting the following letters were read from the REV. R. G. S. McNEILLE, and REV. S. P. KELLEY, both of whom had been in their boyhood identified with the church:

BROCKTON, MASS., *May 1st, 1875.*

DEAR PASTOR:

I desire to present my hearty congratulations to you upon the completion of the fiftieth anniversary of your pastorate.

Your singular success in preaching the gospel so efficiently under an independent organization is an admirable proof of the innate vitality of Christ's redemption, when earnestly and honestly proclaimed, and to-day a large multitude, not only of the church

on earth, but of the church triumphant, look back upon you as their spiritual father, and to your church as their earliest home. Of this multitude I am one, and it would not be difficult for me to show how intimately your ministrations have been connected with my present position as the pastor of a Congregational church.

I should be present with you in person on Monday evening next, but the Sabbath preceding is our communion Sabbath. Twenty-three persons are to be received into the church, and my Sabbath duties performed; there will not be time for me to reach Philadelphia for the Monday evening service.

I feel in my heart that I could wish you might come to your one hundred and twentieth year, remaining in the ministry as Moses did, with eye undimmed and natural force unabated; but that must be as the Lord wills, to whom permit me prayerfully to commend you, with the prayer that grace, mercy and peace, in abundant measure, may be your abiding portion.

Yours truly and gratefully,

R. G. S. McNEILLE,

*Pastor of the Porter Evangelical Church.*

TO REV. JOHN CHAMBERS.

STATE OF NEVADA.  
*Office of Superintendent of Public Instruction,* }  
 CARSON, *May 1st, 1875.* }

FRANCIS NEWLAND, ESQ., 52 North Ninth Street, Phila.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Yours 17th ult., announcing Jubilee Meeting, reached me this morning.

I sincerely regret that distance and pressing duties will prevent my attendance on the occasion. I beg to present my regrets, and with them my most hearty congratulations to dear old Dr. CHAMBERS on what must be to him and to all his friends a joyful time. May he long be spared in health, strength and usefulness, and may his last days be his best days.

To my many friends, who will be privileged in gathering around him at his half-century anniversary, I send most cordial greetings.

With kindest regards to yourself and family, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

SAMUEL P. KELLY.

It is a noticeable feature of DR. CHAMBERS' long pastorate that his church was constantly producing young men who entered the ministry. The number who thus devoted themselves cannot be accurately ascertained. We present a list in the appendix

(page 99) of all of whom we could at present be certain. The evidence is strong, that it was DR. CHAMBERS' personal interest in and encouragement of these young men that led them, under the guidance of God's spirit, to give their lives to the ministry of the world.

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ON TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 11, 1875,

The Sabbath School children were assembled in the body of the Church, and they participated in the Jubilee services. MR. R. S. WALTON and REV. JOHN C. BLISS addressed them, after which they were taken to the school room and partook of refreshments. Each scholar, on leaving the room, was presented with a box of fine candies, on the lid of which was printed the following label :

1825.

1875.

Chambers Presbyterian Church Sabbath School.

Rev. John Chambers, D. D.

50 YEARS OUR PASTOR.

CHILDREN'S JUBILEE,

May 11th, 1875.



ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 12, 1875,

It had been determined to have a Social Re-Union of the members of the Church and congregation, at Horticultural Hall, where all might meet Dr. Chambers and greet him with a loving shake of the hand, and partake together, as one family, of a plain but bountiful repast.

*SOCIAL RE-UNION AT HORTICULTURAL HALL.*

MAY 12th, 1875.

The large hall was brilliantly lighted, and on each side were four rows of seats the entire length of the room.

In the centre, upon the stage, was placed the chair for the venerable pastor, and around it were grouped other seats for those who were to sit with him and take part in the exercises.

The piano occupied the right of the stage, and the band was composed of five instrumentalists. The pieces executed during the evening were judiciously selected, and the rendering of them was exquisitely fine and in good taste.

A little after 7 o'clock the members of the Church

and congregation began to assemble, and as they entered the hall they took seats on either side.

About 8 o'clock, Dr. and Mrs. Chambers arrived and proceeded to the upper end of the hall, in the centre, immediately in front of the stage. An appropriate piece of music was performed, when the audience, marshalled by Professor Fischer, began to promenade. As they passed the point where their beloved pastor stood, each stopped to offer congratulations and have a friendly and loving shake of his hand. The greetings were prolonged, heartfelt and sincere—after which Dr. Chambers ascended the stage and occupied the chair assigned to him.

The exercises commenced with singing.

REV. DR. EVA, of Bethesda Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, announced the time honored and soul stirring hymn :

“All hail the power of Jesus name,”

Which was sung heartily by the entire audience, to tune “Coronation,” PROFESSOR FISCHER leading.

After singing, the following prayer was offered by REV. WILLIAM R. STOCKTON, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, who had been one of the young men of the Church :

Most merciful Father, we desire to approach into Thy divine presence at this time, feeling our utter unworthiness to take Thy holy name into our sinful lips. But we would come, in the name and through the intercession of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and ask Thee, for His sake, to hear our feeble prayer. We thank Thee that we can come, pleading the merits of our dear Redeemer. We come with no lamb as a sacrifice, but we come placing our confidence in the sacrifice once offered for us and all men by Jesus, the Lamb of God. We come to Thee, seeking pardon and forgiveness. We come as sinners; and we thank Thee that we have the assurance that Thou art a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Though angels are engaged in Thy worship in Heaven, yet if Thou canst only hear from us the feeble prayer—God be merciful unto us, for we are sinners—if that prayer but reach thine ear, Thou wilt turn from the music of Heaven to listen to our feeble prayers. O Lord, how high Thou art, how holy Thou art, and we come then as sinners asking Thee for mercy,—asking Thee to have mercy upon us; to forgive our sins, and to blot them from the book of Thy remembrance. Enable us to exercise such a faith in the atoning blood of Christ, that we may feel our offences are all washed away, and that there is not one sin left against us in the book of Thy remem-

brance. We have nothing to bring, nothing to answer, and our only plea is "For us the Saviour died." We seek the assistance of Thy Holy Spirit. O! how much we need Thy Holy Spirit, every day, every hour, every moment. Leave us not to ourselves. May we never grieve Thy Holy Spirit. May we remember that we are temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. Grant then that we may be entirely under the guidance and direction of Thy Holy Spirit; having no will of our own, but gladly yielding to his direction in everything.

We would also come to ask Thy blessing on him whom we have met to honor to-night. We thank Thee that Thou hast honored him to be the means, for half a century, of leading this Thy people. May none of them come short of eternal life, but at the great day of judgment may he be able to say: Here am I, Lord, and these whom Thou hast given me. May they stand with him by the Saviour's side, feeling that through the Spirit's influence they were led by him to Christ and Calvary and prepared for a noble existence. We would ask that his life may be yet spared—that his latter days may be his most successful days—that he may be able to bring many souls to God who shall shine as stars in his crown of rejoicing. May his latter days be his best days and may no cloud intervene to hide his Saviour from his attention. May his hopes

of heaven grow brighter and brighter, and stronger and stronger, and may his last hours be his best hours, and when Thou hast done with him here on earth do Thou guide him home to Heaven. Bless all that are in the Divine presence. Those that are Thy children, may they be faithful unto death. May they remember that it is not enough to serve Thee for thirty, forty or fifty years. Grant that we may not be weary in well doing; but that we may hold out faithful to the end. There may be those present whose names are not recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life—those who are living without God, and without hope in the world. We ask that they may be led to the Saviour and to Calvary; that ere this night closes they may seek forgiveness and leave this place rejoicing in the favor of God. Be with us all through the journey of life. May we still follow Thee though it may be with faltering steps; though it be with trembling hands, and may it be our happiness to meet around Thy throne above. We ask, not that we deserve, but for the sake of Him who taught us when we pray, to say :

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us. And lead us not into

temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, Amen.

REV. DR. EVA then rose and said :

I did not expect, dear friends, to be called upon to direct the exercises in the upper hall to-night; but in the absence of the REV. DR. ALLEN, the duty has been assigned to me.

I assume, dear friends, and everybody understands, that in the midst of these memorial services you have devoted one evening to these social exercises, where you can all be perfectly free to come in person and congratulate your honored pastor. It is a privilege to be here, and for myself, I rejoice if I have been able to add one single sprig to the myrtle which, during the exercises of this week, you have placed upon his brow.

What shall be done unto the man whom God delighted to honor? The answer is—Let the people of God honor him. And this you have been endeavoring to do, and in doing this you have honored yourselves. I am sure you esteem it a privilege to honor him; and I am sure, in honoring him you will receive the blessings of that God who delighteth to honor his servants.

If you will indulge me, I will read a few lines—I

will not call it poetry—appropriate to the occasion ; and I will say that, after I have read these lines, a very interesting part of the exercises of the evening will take place.

Hail fifty years ! The “ Jubilee ! ”  
When men and homes redeemed were free,  
And trumpets blown throughout the land  
Announced that God was near at hand !

Those days are past no more to come,  
The glorious Gospel, yields their sum  
Of blessings, scattered far and wide !  
A thousand measures multiplied !

But when of life prolonged such years,  
With active work for Christ appears ;  
When serving thus a single flock,  
With break or hindrance none to mock.

How blest the lot ! how honored he,  
Whose portion thus it is to be  
A father to his people loving,  
The Shepherd’s care so plainly proving.

How great *their* privilege as well,  
No human tongue can fully tell,  
For fifty years thus to be led,  
By *one* to Christ their living head !

Of saved ones rescued from their sins ;  
Of tempted from the snares and gins



Of Satan kept ; and comfort given,  
To God's dear ones by sorrow driven.

How large the company, and how blest,  
Scores, hundreds, thousands stand confessed ;  
On earth a part, and in the sky,  
A greater portion crowned on high.

O servant of the living God !  
Through all these years *thy* feet have trod ;  
Thy clarion voice has rung aloud,  
To tell of Him whose head was bowed

Beneath the weight of human woe,  
When wrestling with man's fiendish foe,  
He died upon the cross to save,  
From sin and death beyond the grave !

How law has thundered from thy mouth,  
And wrong rebuked in age or youth ;  
War, drunkenness and what beside,  
A city or a nation's pride !

And still for work thine arm is strong,  
And still salvation is thy song ;  
Though century half of service seen,  
Not withered yet thy leaf, but green.

God bless thee, man beloved and tried,  
In strength may still thy bow abide,  
Not *useless* though serene and glad,  
Thy closing years of life be had.

And when they end the victor's crown  
Of glory won, shall be thine own,  
With stars bedecked full many a gem  
A radiant heavenly diadem !

And all the praise to Him shall be,  
Whose grace has brought this "Jubilee,"  
Not fifty years, or millions' score,  
But age on age forevermore !

REV. DR. EVA then said :

I now call upon MR. FRANCIS NEWLAND, to introduce the next portion of the exercises.

MR. NEWLAND then rose and said :

There has been confided to me, sir, this evening, the honor of discharging a very pleasant duty.

During the long fifty years that have passed into eternity with all their record of bliss and woe—the desolations of sin, and the triumphs of the Gospel of Christ, you, sir, our aged and venerated pastor, have been our tried friend and counsellor. In the winter's frost and snow, the spring's vernal beauty and fragrance, the summer's heat, and the autumn's fruitfulness, you have been ever at your post, you have baptized our children, united in the bonds of matrimony our sons and daughters, buried our dead, spoken in the ear of the dying the comforting words and cheering hopes of eternal life, and proclaimed,

with trumpet voice, from your pulpit and elsewhere, the glorious doctrine of the gospel—salvation through the blood of Christ for every penitent sinner. So now, in the hour of our joy and festivities, our gushing hearts have sought some form of expression of the feelings that burn within. Our love and devotion is already yours, and we are prepared to-night to pledge it anew and in an increased degree.

What then remains for us but some substantial token of our regard? and that, it has been determined, shall be a golden one, in the amount of one thousand dollars, which I have the honor now to present to you in the name of our beloved Church and congregation.

You will not suppose, my dear pastor, that we regard this amount as in any degree a measure of the value of services and love bestowed—Oh, no! such services and such love are beyond measure and beyond price; but we beg you to receive the gift as the blessed Saviour received the contents of the alabaster box of precious ointment poured upon him by a devoted woman, when he said, “She hath done what she could.”

And now, with this, be pleased to receive our heart-felt congratulation and most fervent prayers and wishes, that you may long be continued to us as the same faithful pastor you have ever been, with renewed vigor and natural force unabated, and when at

last your work is finished, may you hear the Master's voice saying to you, "Come up higher."

DR. CHAMBERS replied as follows:—My beloved friends and brethren, you have taken me entirely by surprise. I had made no calculations of a pecuniary character whatever. I welcome this expression of your regard; so warm, earnest and tangible, from this blessed family of the Son of God.

I rejoice in the privilege of bearing testimony to-night—as a response after your favor—for fifty years I testify cheerfully, I have had your confidence, your respect and your faithful assistance. I presume that no living minister of God in this land, to-day, can more fully testify than I do, to the assistance of the family of Christ.

You have been with me in all the trials of life. I have had your assistance on the right hand and on the left, and I have appreciated it all. You have been with me co-workers with God. I testify that I have been seconded and surrounded, not only by venerable hands, but I have had the assistance of a noble band of young men, strong and mighty in their efforts; and they have never deserted me. Men and women, old and young, have given me this assistance continually; so that I have no more credit for this than that I have been the leader of noble men and women. Your

prayers and assistance have been constant and continued. Young men have surrounded me in great power and influence, and young women have given me their help in this work. A noble band of young women have always been in this church. Not what are called "strong-minded women;" I have nothing to do with them; but woman in the place in which God set her, and so long as she is there, I must look at her as my fellow laborer. God honors a community where women live right on in the path which He designed they should adorn, and so long as woman does this she is an honor to the community, an honor to the country, and a blessing to the world.

Beloved friends and brethren, I return to you my warm and hearty thanks for this expression of your esteem and affection. I don't think it will make me preach any better, and I am sure it will not make me love you any more; nor will it add increase to our grace. But I shall lay it away quietly, where it will be a little income to me. A noble young man of this congregation, on leaving the city yesterday for a tour over the European continent with his wife and children—I allude to John Wanamaker—sent me a letter expressing the joy and pleasure of his heart, and when I opened that letter there opened out before me a five hundred dollar United States bill. I felt gratified and pleased, and I put it away. I see my

brother in law Pettit in the house to-night, and likely I may give it to him to invest for me in bonds or stocks or something of the sort.

However, I will not squander it, and if the day should ever come when I shall need it, it will be used then for that purpose; but while I live I am as confident that my bread will be given me and my water will be sure, as I am confident that God lives.

Now, my brethren and friends, just feel that you have all been shaken by the hand—by this hand—by both my hands. I rejoice in this meeting to-night, and I thank you all from my inmost heart, that you have manifested so much affection and esteem for me. What radiance it throws around this old man's evening of life. Everything is beautiful and all this should spur me on to my duty and to greater diligence. Let me in these last days present Jesus Christ: The Life, The Truth, The Way; and the only way by which men can be saved. May the blessing of God be upon you all—old and young, parents and children, husbands and wives; and may we meet on the old battlements of Heaven to shout, Hallelujah! for the Lord God Almighty reigneth!

After these remarks the audience, numbering over one thousand, adjourned to the lower hall, where under the supervision of a very efficient committee,

they were all comfortably accommodated and partook of an elegant entertainment, each lady receiving a handsome memorial bouquet. A table was erected on a platform running the width of the hall; the other tables ran the length of the hall at right angles to the front one. At the table on the platform DR. CHAMBERS and the church session were seated, accompanied by REV. DRS. EVA, BEADLE and BREED, and REV. MESSRS. TORRENCE, LUTHER and GARRETT.

The congregation dispersed about 10 o'clock, all being gratified with the exercises and delighted at the opportunity of expressing their love for their dear old pastor.

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THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 13, 1875,

Was devoted to addresses of a congratulatory character by the pastors of the neighboring churches. The exercises were held in the church, and were presided over by REV. DR. GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, of the First Baptist church, Broad and Arch streets.

Addresses were also made by

REV. DR. BREED, of the West Spruce St. Presbyterian church.



REV. DR. NEWTON, of Epiphany P. E. church.

REV. DR. HATFIELD, of the Arch St. M. E. church.

REV. WM. R. STOCKTON, of Phoenixville, Pa.

All of the addresses were highly interesting and were marked by a spirit of Christian love and fellowship.

The REV. DR. BREED, in the course of his address, read the following original lines :

A stranger boy from Erin came—  
He made our land his chosen home.  
He heard the Master's gracious call,  
He seized the banner, climbed the wall,  
He blew the trumpet, drew the sword,  
He fired the shot, he preached the word.  
By grace divine, thro' toils and tears,  
With ardent hopes, defying fears,  
In holy scorn of scoffs and jeers  
He's held the fort for fifty years !  
And if the God whom we adore,  
But grant what thousand hearts implore,  
He'll hold it yet for many more !

Amen and amen !

ON FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 14, 1875,

A very large congregation assembled on the occasion of the Friday Evening Prayer Meeting which was held in the body of the church.

The devotional exercises were as usual. REV. DR. PLUMMER, of Columbia, S. C., and REV. CHARLES BROWN, of Philadelphia, were present and made addresses.

Thus the Jubilee closed in prayer and praise, and may God add his blessing that the relation of pastor and people in the one church may continue many more years.

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In the appendix we present some interesting letters, and matters of information having a bearing on the Jubilee.

We also desire to say that the sermon of DR. CHAMBERS on the Jubilee Sabbath morning, is printed in this book from a very accurate phonographic report taken for the committee.



# APPENDIX.

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*Monday Evening, May 10th, 1875.*

REV. DR. CHAMBERS,

*My Dear Bro.:*

For the last three or four days my thoughts have been much occupied with things pertaining to the Chambers Presbyterian church and its highly esteemed pastor. It was my design, personally, to congratulate you this morning, but lost the opportunity, as you withdrew from the association before the hour of adjournment. As I listened to the remarks of Rev. Messrs. Eva and Davidson, on the scenes of yesterday, as they occurred in your church, my heart responded to every sentiment of love and honor which they expressed in reference to yourself, and I silently thanked God for sparing your long and useful life, and for his abundant blessing on your faithful labors dur-

ing the last fifty years. The tender ties which bound me to you more than 48 years ago have never been broken, but on the contrary they have been strengthened by my sympathy with you in all pastoral labors and trials. My ministerial life has now reached to 42 years.

At this hour of the evening your church is doubtless filled with hearers to listen to several clergymen whose early Christian life was spent in part under your ministry, and who will bear their testimony to your fidelity in leading them in the paths of righteousness, and which induced them finally to become ministers themselves. Were I present and had the opportunity, I would also furnish similar testimony. Amid these public demonstrations in your behalf, and to give variety to the images now passing before your mind, these lines may not be unacceptable, as coming from one whose love for you is co-existent with nearly the whole period of your ministry in this city. I love to speak of the long, long past! I joined your church in the fall of 1826 and took my seat at the Lord's table for the first time on October 1st of that year. You administered the bread and wine. Your form and face are in my imagination even now, as you stood before us in the vigor of your early manhood, and with much earnest eloquence, presented the Gospel of the Son of God.

The first divinity student who belonged to your congregation was Thos. Irvine. He died, I think, about 1827 or 1828. I helped to carry his body to the grave, and to pay the expenses of his funeral. The next student in the order of time was myself. I presume I was the first to follow Mr. Irvine in study, and am the oldest minister of all the ministers formerly belonging to your church. I was ordained June 30, 1833. Perhaps I am the only living minister who worshiped with you in the old church which stood on Thirteenth street, above Market. I often recall the numerous prayer meetings held in those days in various humble dwellings scattered over the partially occupied lots west of Broad street. I think also of the young men who led the devotions in those meetings. The names of Arrison, Alden, McIntire, Martin and John Summers, Wm. Mite Appleton, Grimmons, Bingham and others, must be familiar to us both. But we had also good old "Father Ferguson" whom we regarded as a "Captain" to lead us in our prayer meetings. His favorite hymn was "How happy are they who the Saviour obey," etc.

Praying that God will continue to bestow upon you his richest blessings, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

CHAS. BROWN,

*Philadelphia.*

2026 SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, }  
May 15, 1875. }

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER :

I very much regret that I cannot be with you this evening, according to my agreement with Mr. Lawyer, but a wedding, at 8 P. M., at which I am to officiate will prevent me. I cannot refrain from tendering you my sincere congratulations upon this "Jubilee" occasion.

Your fifty years of labour have been wonderfully blessed by the Master whom you have so faithfully served, and there are few in the Christian ministry who, on the great day of account, will be able to present a greater number of souls as the seals of their stewardship.

May God's richest blessings rest upon you, and make your remaining years the best and happiest of your eventful life.

Your affectionate friend and brother in the Ministry of our Lord,

CHARLES D. COOPER.

REV. DR. CHAMBERS, Philadelphia.



*Philadelphia, May 8th, 1875.*

REV. DR. JOHN CHAMBERS,

*Rev. and Dear Sir :*

As a happy incident connected with your Fiftieth Anniversary as a pastor, I was one who witnessed and heard you preach your *trial sermon*—in Milton, Pa.—fifty years ago. Truly God has blessed us both in permitting us to live so long, and enjoy his great *mercies*. I presume there are very few now living who heard you upon that occasion.

May God bless *you still* and reward you in *heaven*, is the earnest wish of

Your friend,

THOS. C. POLLOCK,

*1026 Green Street.*

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*The following letter was addressed to the members of Lodge 51 of the Masonic order, and also to the Officers of the Grand Lodge, and in response to which they attended the Jubilee Services of May 9th.*

PHILADELPHIA, *May 1, 1875.*

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER :

At the stated meeting of Lodge No. 51, held on the 22d ultimo, it was announced that on Sunday, the

9th of May, 1875, at the Church at the corner of Broad and Sansom Streets, our beloved Chaplain, Rev. John Chambers, D. D., would celebrate the semi-centennial anniversary of his pastorate over the congregation worshipping in that place; and it was resolved that, as a testimonial of the respect and esteem in which we hold our venerable brother, we would, as a body, attend the morning service in his Church upon that day.

You are therefore fraternally and earnestly requested to meet with the membership of the Lodge at 9.45 A. M., on the 9th inst., at the Masonic Temple, attired in a suit of black, a black silk hat and white kid gloves, that we may proceed as provided for in the resolution. Seats will be set apart for us in the Church, and as it is important that we advise the Trustee by Thursday next, of the number we shall require, you will indicate your purpose in the premises upon the card enclosed, and send it to the undersigned on or before Wednesday, the 5th inst.

This action of the Lodge is altogether unknown to Bro. Chambers, and it is enjoined that no intimation of it shall be given to him until he sees us in our places in his Church.

By Order of the W. M.

WILLIAM L. MARSHALL,

*Secretary.*

*Wednesday.*

WM. L. MARSHALL, ESQ., *Secretary Lodge No. 51.*

*My Dear Sir and Bro.:*

Thanks for your kind and fraternal invitation to unite with the brethren of Lodge 51 in attendance upon the services of the half century celebration of the pastorate of revered and esteemed G. Chaplain, Bro. John Chambers, on Sunday next. Nothing but a very special emergency could induce me to be absent from my accustomed place of worship, and this I consider an occasion which for very many reasons entirely justifies me in varying from my usual practice, and I will with pleasure accept the invitation. Bro. Chambers and the Lodge I am sure will need no words from me as an expression of my appreciation of the emergency. My presence both will fully understand. Thanks for your kind note.

Very truly and faithfully yours,

SAMUEL C. PERKINS,

*P. G. M.*

*Office of the  
 Grand Treasurer, Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania,  
 Free and Accepted Masons.  
 Masonic Temple, Broad and Filbert Streets,  
 PHILADELPHIA, May 5, 1875.*

MY DEAR BRO. MARSHALL:

Your esteemed and kind favor is received, inviting me to participate with the brethren of Lodge No. 51 in paying a tribute of respect justly due to our venerable brother and friend, Dr. Chambers. Availing myself of this great privilege I will be present at the appointed time and place.

Yours truly and fraternally,

THOMAS R. PATTON.

MY DEAR DOCTOR CHAMBERS:

I deeply regret that absence from home prevented me from being present at the "Jubilee Festival," and adding my heartfelt congratulations to those of your many friends and admirers on the occasion of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of your pastorate. The reunions, extending over a period of six days, must have been full of rational enjoyment and of profound happiness to all concerned.

Hoping that your useful life may be long spared to your family, your friends, and the church, I am, my dear friend, with kindest regard to Mrs. Chambers, cordially shared by Mrs. Gross,

Respectfully yours,

S. D. GROSS.

S. E. Cor. Eleventh and Walnut, *May 17th, 1875.*

REV. DR. CHAMBERS.

NAMES OF MEMBERS OF CHURCH WHO  
HAVE ENTERED THE MINISTRY AS FAR  
AS KNOWN.

Charles Brown, *Presbyterian*.

John Summers, *do.*

John Baker, *Baptist*.

John Hunterson, *Methodist Episcopal*.

Edgar M. Levy, *Baptist*.

John C. Bliss, *Presbyterian*.

Thomas J. Brown, *do.*

Edward Town, *do.*

Samuel P. Kelly, *Episcopalian*.

Mr. Burnap, *do.*

William Griffith, *German Reformed*.

William M. Paxson, *M. E. Church*.

R. Maurice Luther, *Baptist*.

Charles Riley, *Presbyterian*.

William Stockton, *Episcopalian*.

Robert G. S. McNeille, *Congregational*.

NAMES OF ELDERS.

Brothers Ross and Hogg, who came from the 13th Street Church; the latter shortly after resigned. Both now deceased.

Matthew Arrison, deceased.

Thomas Hibbert, do.

Robert Buist, at present connected with the Episcopal Church.

Jacob P. Broom, deceased.

Richard Smallbrook, deceased.

Robert Luther, do.

Aaron H. Burtis, do.

John Yard, do.

Francis Newland, now serving.

Daniel Steinmetz, resigned, Elder Dr. Dana's Church, West Philadelphia.

Joseph B. Sheppard, resigned.

R. S. Walton, Oxford Presbyterian Church.

Alexander Brown, deceased.

Thomas P. Dill, now serving.

Edward S. Lawyer, do.

John C. Hunter, do.

Fred. J. Buck, M. D., do.

Robert H. Hinckley, Jr., do.

[From the "Evening Bulletin" of May 15th.]

### A SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

*Rev. John Chambers' Pastorate—Exercises at his Church during this week.*

On Wednesday evening last "The Chambers Presbyterian Church" had a social reunion in Horticultural Hall. The "Jubilee Week," in commemoration of the 50 years pastorate of Rev. John Chambers, D. D., over one congregation, commenced on Sabbath morning last, and the meeting on Wednesday evening was one of a series of meetings held during the week just past. Over one thousand persons were present. All the members and pew holders and their families were admitted, together with a few invited guests, principally the personal friends of Dr. Chambers.

The first hour was spent in introductions, promenading, and in greetings and congratulations to the venerable Pastor, and the hour passed rapidly and joyously. Some of the oldest members of the church were there, and it was a pleasant sight to see old and young greet the man of God who so faithfully had guided their spiritual growth.

At 8½ o'clock, the assembly was called to order by Rev. Dr. Eva, and the whole assemblage united in singing the hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus'



Name." Rev. Wm. Stockton, of Phoenixville, one of the early Sabbath-school boys of the church, then offered an impressive prayer.

Dr. Eva then made a brief address and read some lines which were beautiful and appropriate. Mr. Francis Newland, senior member of the session, then in a neat speech presented Rev. Dr. Chambers with a purse containing \$1,000 in gold, as an offering of love from the congregation; not that the love could be determined in dollars, but as a slight expression of the feeling of the people to their beloved and respected minister. The meeting then adjourned to the lower hall, and under the supervision of a very efficient committee the whole company partook of refreshments.

Dr. Chambers and the church session, with some invited guests, occupied seats at a table on the platform, raised a little from the floor. The other tables were ranged the length of the room, and all the company were easily accommodated and abundantly fed. The Rev. Dr. Chambers and all the guests enjoyed the occasion, and every one departed feeling that the evening had been well spent doing honor to an honest, fearless, devoted minister of the Gospel of Christ.

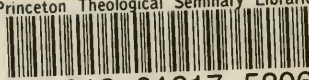








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